

THE OLD-FASHIONED ORACLE.

It stands beside me now—the dear old-fashioned oracle, My sainted mother hallowed, long ago...

AN ALABAMA JUDGE.

Justice of the Peace Denson's Many Queer Decisions.

For Eighteen Years He Dedied All Laws Trying Murder Cases and Divorce Suits and Resigned at Last to the Sorrow of All.

An Alabama merchant, says the New York Evening Sun, who lived many years in a country town in that state, entertained a party of friends last night with some stories of an old countryman who held the office of justice of the peace down there for many years.

"Jerry Denson didn't know anything about law books—never read one in his life," he said, "but he had a big heart and level head. His neighbors all loved him, and when he was elected justice of the peace in Mulberry township, Ala., they knew he would deal out pure and unadulterated justice without any legal frills or formalities. Jerry held the office eighteen years, being reelected eight times without opposition.

"Three different governors threatened to remove him, five grand juries investigated him, but every time he came out with colors flying, and Judge Denson, as everybody called him, became one of the best-known men in the state.

"The judge's library consisted of a Bible, a form book and an almanac, but in time he picked up a score or more of legal phrases from the lawyers who practiced in his court. He had little patience with lawyers, especially when they attempted to secure a ruling in their client's favor on legal technicalities.

"When his neighbors quarreled and threatened to go to law, Judge Denson always advised them to settle the matter outside of court if possible, and save costs. If they persisted and brought suit, he often made them regret their failure to take his advice by his bill for costs. When people went to law in his court somebody had to pay the costs.

"Lawyers often exhausted his patience by asking a witness seemingly unnecessary questions, and then he would take a hand, and either ask the questions himself or answer for the witness.

"No case was too large or too small for Judge Denson. He tried men for murder and let them off with a fine of ten dollars and costs, granted divorces, sentenced prisoners to six and twelve months' hard labor on his own farm, and enforced the sentence. He also tried cases resulting from family quarrels, suits for debts of ten cents, suits that had no legal basis or status; in fact, all was grist that came to his mill.

"One day a case was on trial and the plaintiff's lawyer was asking the witness unnecessary questions. Tom Simpson, one of the judge's neighbors, took the stand and the lawyer began: "What did I understand you to say your name was?"

"Tom Simpson."

"Mr. Simpson, where do you reside?" Here Judge Denson interrupted, and turning to the lawyer, said: "His name is Tom Simpson; he lives on Turkey creek; moved there from Winston county fourteen years ago; he owes me four dollars and six bits; been owing it nigh on to a year now; he married old man Seth Allen's gal Nancy."

"Maybe you know Seth; he's a brother of Steve Allen that run for sheriff two years ago. Seth lives at the old Bascom place; bought it from Dan Smith; give him four hundred dollars an' a spavined horse for it. Now go on with the case, Mr. Lawyer, and Tom, mind you tell the truth. I knowed your old daddy 'fore you was borned, an' a homester man than old Bill Simpson never breathed the breath of life."

"After this complete biography of the witness the lawyer proceeded directly to the facts of the case.

"The first murder case Judge Denson ever tried was that of a negro who had killed another colored man. The murdered man had a bad reputation, and there was some provocation for the deed. When the case was called the defendant had two lawyers and a score of witnesses, while numerous friends of the dead man were present to see that justice was done. Judge Denson did not propose to waste valuable time on negroes, so he called on the prisoner to stand up.

"Now, there ain't no use denyin'

that you killed that negro," he said, "for they say the proof's all agin you; but he needed killin' about as bad as anyone in this settlement, and I guess everybody's glad to be rid of him. But courts can't work for nothin', prisoner, so I'll fine you ten dollars and costs."

"The fine was paid, and while this disposition of the case excited some comment nothing was ever done about it, the people of the neighborhood seeming to agree with Judge Denson that it was a good way to get rid of the negro.

"The judge had more respect for the Bible than he had for the law, and when negroes appeared as witnesses in his court he made them kiss the almanac. 'I don't allow no reflections cast on the Bible in this court,' he explained one day when a lawyer objected to having colored witnesses sworn on the almanac.

"Judge Denson's form of oath and his form of the marriage ceremony were brief and not exactly according to the code, but both were effective. When he administered the oath to a witness he said: 'You swear here, in the presence of God A'mity and this court to tell the truth, so help you Jesus. Amen!'

"His marriage ceremony was something like this: 'John, you love this woman? Mary, you love this man? Then you are man an' wife, and the cost is two dollars.' 'His first divorce case came up after he had been in office eight years, and the principals happened to be a couple he had united in marriage some five years before. The husband was the plaintiff and the wife had engaged a lawyer. When the husband told how his wife had pulled his hair, boxed his ears and then went to a candy pulling with another man Judge Denson promptly declared them 'put asunder according to the law and the Gospel.'

"But, your honor, you have no jurisdiction in this case," suggested the defendant's attorney.

"No what?" asked the judge, sternly—"no man had ever before dared question one of his decisions.

"You have no authority in this case. The law does not give a justice of the peace power to grant a divorce."

"Didn't I marry this couple?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I'll unmarry 'em, an' you are fined ten dollars for bein' in contempt of this court. I'd like to see the law that gives me the power to splice people an' then says I can't unsplice 'em when they've got Scriptural proof."

"The decision stood and no appeal was ever taken. In the trial of a suit for damages where the plaintiff claimed to have been swindled in a horse swap the defendant demanded a jury to try the case and Judge Denson had a jury summoned. It was summer and court was held in the shade of a big oak tree that day because the judge's office was too small to hold all the spectators. When the evidence was all taken the jury retired to a thick clump of bushes some distance away to make up their verdict. At the end of an hour they returned and reported that they could not agree.

"But you must agree," said the judge, and he sent them back to the seclusion of the bushes. Again they returned without a verdict and reported that eight were for the plaintiff and four for the defendant.

"Well, that's a verdict. A majority always rules in this country," and the judge entered a verdict for the plaintiff on his docket.

"Once a negro was on trial before Judge Denson for carrying concealed weapons. He had a lawyer who wanted to prove that the prisoner's life had been threatened, and under such circumstances the law allowed him to carry weapons. The evidence all in, the lawyer arose with a book in his hand and said: 'May it please your honor, I have here a recent decision of the supreme court in a case similar in every way to this one, and the court ordered the acquittal of the defendant.' "Then I'll overrule the supreme court an' fine the defendant fifty dollars and costs."

"Once a civil case was tried by Denson, in which two lawyers were employed. When the evidence was all in, the attorneys held a brief consultation to decide upon the order in which they should speak. As the first one rose to address the court, Denson cut him short by saying: 'Now you fellows just wait till I decide this case an' then you can spout law all day if you want to.'

"Vagrants of all degrees, and every man charged with a criminal offense who was not able to pay a fine, Denson would sentence to terms of hard labor on his farm.

"When asked once for an explanation of such unwarranted proceedings, his reply was that the law allowed him costs in every case he tried, and if a man had no money, how was the court to get the cost if he didn't work it out? To this logical opinion there was no reply, and no one ever interfered with the judge afterward.

"The redeeming features of Judge Denson's remarkable administration of justice was that he usually managed to get at the truth of a case, and never allowed any legal technicalities to influence his decisions. If a man was guilty he was punished in some way, and if innocent he was discharged. True, the judge decided a great many cases over which the laws of the state gave him no jurisdiction, and in many ways he violated the letter of the statutes, but as his decisions were usually just from a moral standpoint, they were allowed to stand.

"Several times dissatisfied parties to civil suits and lawyers called the attention of the governor or the grand jury to Denson's method of doing business, but every investigation resulted in a vindication for the judge. Once he was called before a grand jury and asked if he knew what law was.

"Yes," he answered, "Law is a lot of stuff put in books by lawyers to keep honest people out of their rights."

"The jury thought this definition was so near the truth that they allowed the judge to go. After eighteen years' service he declined to accept the office again, to the regret of his friends."

POINTS ABOUT ARCHERY.

How Bows and Arrows Should Be Made and How Used.

Things will never be again as they were when the archers at Crecy and Agincourt decided the fate of the battle. But if it has ceased to do serious business there is no new, prettier pastime than that afforded by the bow and arrow, and it always carries with it a gilded retrospect of history and romance.

They tell terrible stories concerning the efficiency of the bow and arrow in ancient warfare, an arrow having been known to penetrate a warrior's armor, leather jerkin and saddle and kill his horse, besides having pierced a steel plate two inches thick, while many an arrow has pinned a rider to his horse. In the old days an arrow has been shot a distance of nearly one thousand yards.

They had all sorts of bows in those days; the cross bows—whose arrows they called quorrels, more properly quarrels, from the old French quarre, on account of the square head—were used in sea fights and sieges. But the elegant bow was a long bow, which (although in one form many people can now draw with ease) none can use with the strength, and swiftness, and grace of the archers of the time of the early Edwards. Even after the use of firearms was well under way the long bow was delighted in, and as lately as in the time of the great Queen Elizabeth there was a mass meeting of three thousand archers, specially massed, decorated with gold chains, attended by pages, and met and reviewed by the queen.

Now the bow and arrow are only a feature of summer pleasure taking, but their exercise will always remain a thing of grace and beauty. The bow should usually be, if held up besides its bearer, as long as the bearer is tall or certainly five feet long, at a venture. It is best made of two different sorts of wood joined, the grain running different ways, the outside piece curved, the inside piece flat. Ash and elm and acacia are excellent woods for the purpose. It can be whittled out of a barrel stave. In England they use the yew a great deal. Sometimes the ends are tipped with horn. The string is preferably of silk, bound about tightly with sewing hemp, where the arrow is apt to abrade it at the middle.

It should never be of catgut. When a bow of the length mentioned is strung, the distance from the middle of the curve of the bow to the straight string opposite should be about five inches. The bearer strings his bow, after attaching the string at one end by standing it upright on the ground, bending it, the flat side turned in, and snapping the loops over the other end. It should be oiled, and when unstrung should always be laid away. The ordinary lad of fourteen years can bend a bow that "pulls" from twenty-five to thirty pounds. The arrows can be made of any white wood, the lighter the better, the end of the hard wood carefully joined, and into that a brass or steel tip sunk or riveted. They may be varnished; they must be perfectly straight. They are notched at one end and lightly feathered, the large feather always to be at the top in shooting. The feathers, split and wet with gine, are slipped into their grooves or slots prepared for them.

If the archery is to be pursued in any finished style the archer, whether boy or girl, should have a leather belt around the waist, with a pocket to hold two or three arrows; the quiver, also made of leather, and long enough to hold all the length of the arrow except the feathered part, is thrown aside while shooting. Some wear also a piece of leather on the arm to prevent bruises from the string, together with a peculiar glove, consisting of a strap about the wrist holding three long thongs, with pockets for the fingers that the string might hurt, and the paraphernalia is concluded with a little box swinging from the belt and holding some suet and beeswax rubbed together for use on the shooting glove, and a wollen tassel on which to clean and wipe things. The archer stands perfectly erect, with the left foot forward, and the face so turned to the right as to align the sight over the left hand, whose first finger holds the arrow over the middle of the bow, while the right hand affixes the arrow by its notch to the string. Then the left forefinger is removed and the left hand grasps the bow firmly; the bow is raised, the string pulled by the right hand close beside the right ear, the aim is taken and the arrow sent home. In long flights the right hand must not be raised so high, in order that the arrow may be sent with a curve.—N. Y. Herald.

Apish Anglomaniacs. It is a pity that America's children should ape the fashions, customs, manners, social etiquette, and even peculiarities of speech, of other nations. We must surely pardon English people for laughing at us and our frantic imitations of their ways. It must be very amusing to them when an American assumes an expressionless expression—yes, that is precisely the result of an American's attempt to be English—and draws out "Fancy!" to every second remark addressed to her. They would have more respect for us if we had our own code of etiquette and required that visitors to America should do as Americans do. Our cartoonists love to picture America as a tall, beautiful and noble-browed woman, standing erect in her own dignity, pride and independence, with swelling bosom and dauntless eyes. It will be humiliating, one of these fair days, to find her pictured in a Worth gown and English glasses, ogling some princely rone.—West Shore.

A Curious Herald. The royal family of Hawaii have a curious herald—a shoal of red fish, or a tuna, in the harbor of Honolulu. When this shoal comes into the harbor natives know one of the royal family has to go. The fatal fish appeared in immense numbers in January last, and the natives said: "Our king is doomed." And so he was. Twenty days later King Kalakaua crossed the Great Divide.—Home Journal.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, ETC., ETC.

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THE IRON PORT.

The Iron Port Company.

J. C. VAN DUZER, EDITOR. LEW. A. CATES, MANAGER.

The Atlantic Monthly for August has two notable features besides the serial stories by Mrs. Catherwood and Mr. Stockton. Henry James contributes an admirable short story entitled "The Marriages," which will delight his army of admirers; and Mr. John C. Ropes, who is peculiarly strong in writing on military subjects, has an excellent paper on Gen. Sherman, awarding him great but not indiscriminating praise. Edith M. Thomas writes exquisite "Notes from the Wild Garden," sprinkling some beautiful little poems on special flowers among prose descriptions and reflections hardly less poetical. Olive Thorne Miller in "Two Little Drummers" treats in her usual fresh style the yellow-bellied woodpecker (sometimes called the sap-sucker) and the red-headed woodpecker; Miss Harriet Waters Preston and Miss Louise Dodge, who, over their initials, have before this printed many delightful papers in the Atlantic, now, under the title of "A Disputed Correspondence," discuss wisely and delightfully the letters which are said to have passed between Seneca and the Apostle Paul; Wendell P. Garrison has a political article of real value on the Reform of the United States Senate; Agnes Repplier contributes a bright paper on "The Oppression of Notes," which will touch a responsive chord in readers who have struggled with foot- notes far too copious and obtrusive; and W. D. McCrackan describes effectively "Six Centuries of Self-Government" in Switzerland. There are excellent reviews of the Life of Browning and the Memoir of John Murray, with poems, notes on new books, and the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The landing of 95,000 bushels of wheat at Liverpool in unbroken bulk from Chicago is an interesting event in the history of international transportation. It saves elevator charges at Buffalo, canal or railroad freights to the seaboard and the heavy terminal charges there. If the exploit of the Wetmore could be repeated safely and reliably throughout the season of navigation there would certainly be a field for a fleet of such vessels, and the effect upon the Liverpool wheat market would be pronounced. The Wetmore is a credit to Michigan enterprise and to the skill of her builders.—Free Press.

Blunders in British papers and dispatches were to be expected, but the Free Press ought to be ashamed of itself. The cargo of the Wetmore was not carried "in unbroken bulk," but was unloaded above the rapids of the St. Lawrence and reloaded at Montreal; was not taken from Chicago" but from Duluth; and "Michigan enterprise" had nothing to do with ship or trip; she having been built in Wisconsin, by eastern capitalists, and loaded in Minnesota. "If the exploit of the Wetmore could be safely repeated" the result on the Liverpool wheat market would be nil, for it would hardly pay to build a ship for every cargo, and she can't get back after the second.

The production of pig iron during the first half of the current year was less than for the corresponding period in 1890 by 1,188,599 gross tons—a reduction of 26 per cent. Of this falling off the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio Illinois and Alabama being the greatest producers, show the bulk. Michigan, producing only Charcoal iron, increased its product slightly, but felt the shrinkage in the smaller demand for ores. The reaction from the excessive production of '90 is greater, relatively as well as in quantity, than that which followed the panic of '73. The figures are taken from the bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association and are exact. In Bessemer ingots and rails the falling off was even greater—ingots 21 per cent, and rails 44 per cent—but the worst is past, the trade is now improving.

How electricity kills is told by Dr. A. D. Rockwell, thus: "By paralyzing the nerve centers such as the brain and spinal cord and by disintegrating the blood. The flow of blood cannot be disturbed without causing instant death. In ordinary deaths the blood is found to be coagulated and the heart is empty. In deaths by electricity the blood refuses to coagulate, and the heart is always full. The paralysis of the nerve centers however, is the primary cause of death. It doesn't seem to tear the tissue or cause grave lesions, but a few of the capillary blood vessels, the very small ones, are generally ruptured. Electricity is such a tremendous force when used for killing that it is difficult to analyze its effect."

The "whaleback" gets there just the same, on salt water as on fresh. The Wetmore delivered her cargo of 95,000 bushels of Dakota wheat in Liverpool on the 21st, Tuesday. The London dispatch announcing the fact says, "The success of the voyage is evidence that the proposition to establish direct communication between Europe and American lake ports is entirely feasible," overlooking the fact that we must build a boat for every cargo and "chance it" through the St. Lawrence rapids. The "whaleback" went through all right, but she can't get back for another cargo.

Jo. Manley writes Capt. Garrett that Mr. Blaine is all right and we must suppose "that settles it." Jo. is at Augusta and Blaine is at Bar Harbor, but that

makes no difference, Jo. is a warm personal friend of the secretary and knows all about it, for that reason, despite the distance between them. We're mighty glad to know that we need no longer worry about Jim; now let's turn our attention to measures and see if we can't make the voters understand that, even if Mr. Blaine should die, in spite of Jo. and the doctors, the republican party is in its usual health and full of men fit to be president, and that it makes very little difference who the man shall be.

The following is the program of the proceedings at Detroit next week:

Monday: Reception of guests.

Tuesday: Parade of the G. A. R., the Naval Veterans, and the S. O. V. at 10.30 a. m. Reception to the National Commander, at the rink, at 8 p. m. Reception to the G. A. R. at Camp Sherman at 9 p. m.

Wednesday: Session of the National bodies—G. A. R., W. R. C., and S. O. V.—and regimental and brigade reunions during the day. In the evening the fireworks.

Thursday: Continued sessions of the grand bodies, and reunions during the day; a banquet to the delegates and officers, and camp fires for the rank and file in the evening.

Friday: Excursions, at will.

That "bad old man" Jubal Early is just as "bad" as he was when Jeff. Davis gave him that sobriquet. He was orator of the day on the 21st at Lexington, Virginia, the occasion being the unveiling of a statue of Stonewall Jackson, and he wound up his speech thus:

"Let me conclude by saying, and let every honest-hearted confederate who fought bravely in the wars, 'If I should ever apologize for any part or action taken by me in the war may the lightning of a righteous heaven blast me from the earth and may I be considered as spawn of the earth by all honest men."

Bad, very bad, is old Jubal, but harmless except to those who gamble in his lottery.

Mr. Blaine's health is no longer a subject for anxiety or for newspaper paragraphs. Jo. Manley has settled all question about that, but what can be done with his declaration to the Boston Home Market club? It had suggested that he would "make friends" by accepting its invitation to make a speech at its annual banquet, to which he replied:

"I have no desire to make friends in the sense you mean. When they could have helped me they passed resolutions antagonizing me. I have now retired. I am a back number. With the work I have before me I have no desire to make friends in the sense you mean. Why do not you invite President Harrison or Mr. Reed?"

Oh, Gov. Winans: If you want a number one commandant for the Soldiers' Home and can bring yourself to believe that such a man can exist outside the pale of the democratic party, just offer the position to one Wm. P. Innes, of Grand Rapids, sometime colonel of the 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. Iron Port does not know that he would accept it, but does know that he would run it like a camp of the old regiment if he did. He is not a republican governor; our suggestion has no partisan basis.

No republican has said a harsher word of the late aggregation of law-butchers at Lansing than the following from Charlie Hampton's Petoskey Democrat: "The recent legislature has proved a bitter disappointment to democrats."

If the Michigan democracy wishes to overcome the effect of the blunders of the legislature of 1891, it must openly and unmistakably repudiate such fools as Senator Smith and such scoundrels as Senator Holcomb, who have disgraced the party and imperiled its chances in 1892."

Brearley saw an opportunity of putting himself at the front (it did not matter of what) and seized it. He led the cohorts of the men afraid of Mumm, and demanded that there should be nothing but river water in the canteens when the old boys gathered at Detroit. The onset was noisy, but it was ineffectual. The hospitality of Detroit was not arranged on the lines laid down by the prohibitionists. But the Brearley point was scored—his newspaper was advertised.

We don't want the Chinaman, so we legislate against him and mob him. The Chinaman at home don't want the missionary so the missionary gets mobbed. It is a stand-off, only that the Chinese government is not so easily influenced by the mob as ours, and does not forbid the missionary, or deport him when found in China. All the "missionary effort" in China is not only thrown away but is an impertinence, and confirms the Chinaman in his paganism.

How the squawbucks loved the farmer. The weather bureau at Lansing, handled by Serg't Conger, was for the especial benefit of the agriculturists of the state, but the legislature had no money for it and it lapsed. Sergeant Conger moved the traps to the regular signal station at Detroit and goes upon duty there "for the benefit of commerce." The state service was his idea and he hated to give it up, but it could not be maintained without money.

The pet regiments of the British army are the ones that mutiny. A little while ago it was the Grenadier Guards, now it is the Coldstreams, the oldest organization except one in the army. But the mutiny was bloodless and its punishment will be merely a turn at duty abroad.

The literary farmers who run the alliance are instructing their bucolic brethren

to hold their wheat and bull the market. They are wasting their stationery and postage. The men who make the wheat did not need any advice; such of them as have no pressing claims to satisfy will get the top figure, never fear; such as have pressing indebtednesses will do the best they can, but they won't let their notes go to protest nor their mortgages be foreclosed in order to bull the market for the fellows who are better off than themselves.

The Catholic World does not appear to admire the literary productions of Gov. Peck. The July number, in a leading article on "Juvenile Literature, and the formation of Character," says: "It is only a few seasons since Peck's 'Bad Boy,' a work as subversive of manliness, of reverence, of uprightness, and of refinement as if it had been framed by some infernal ingenuity solely for purposes of perversion sold its 250,000 copies; and made the fortunes of author and publisher when it should have been the disgrace of both." Yet Gov. Peck was chosen governor by the advice an efforts of Catholic bishops as the representative of those who favor the teaching of religion and morals to children, and who oppose the public schools as "godless" because they exclude sectarian instruction.—Mil. Sentinel.

The sunken steamer Pontiac has been examined by divers and conflicting reports have been made regarding her condition. The owners are considering the advisability of giving up the boat and all that pertains to the accident, collision or collision liability, to the underwriters. She is insured to the top notch, partly in the English Lloyds and partly in regular companies. Pictures of the Athabasca at the Sault with the Pontiac's turtle back deck over her bows have been shown here, and they represent a very strange sight.—Marine Review.

The party stopped a few hours at Escanaba, where they examined the huge ore docks and viewed the largest iron ore port in the world.

So, mistakenly, says the Menominee Herald, speaking of Mr. Stephenson's party of congressmen. The party was here from eleven until two o'clock only, and had no time to "examine" anything except John Christie's viands. Only on Tuesday afternoon were we informed that the party would tarry even the three hours that were allotted us.

The fellows who farm the farmers—Polk, Pepper, et als—call John Sherman "the arch enemy of mankind," that is, the devil. We hardly wonder; he certainly does raise the devil with them and their loose and foolish plans and projects whenever he gives them any attention. There's more good sense in the dander he brushes off the outside of his cranium than exists in the empty cavities inside theirs, the "whole kit and bilin" of them.

The Minneapolitans put up that job—the interference of the governor—to save their cash. They said not a word in opposition to a fight between Jo. Ellingsworth and "the Black Pearl"—their money was on the right man—the "Pearl" was an easy winner. But the Kangaroo stood to lose to Hall and Minneapolis money was on the Kangaroo; that was what made the Hall-Fitzsimmons mill such an awful thing.

Ah, there! Governor. If you won't have, or can't get Gen. Innes, why not offer the command of the Soldier's Home to Gen. John G. Parkhurst? His party record must be good enough for you, and you can find out about what sort of a commandant he is of any of the old boys of the 9th, who were with him at Stone River.

The Tennessee miners' suggestion to the governor was timely. The extra session is called, the miners agreeing to preserve the status quo meanwhile, so as not to put the governor "in a hole." The law will be repealed no doubt. It ought never to have been enacted.

The strangest situation in that strangest of all things the field of Irish politics, is to be seen at the next session of parliament—Parnell and Tim. Healey united in support of a bill introduced by Balfour providing local "home rule" for Ireland.

Anderson, the present owner and editor of the Crystal Falls Clipper says, he once saw Phil J. McKenna hoeing potatoes in a Commonwealth potato patch. Guess not, Henry. Not Phil. S'mother McKenna, maybe.

The Free Press gave more than a column to the unveiling of the statue to Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Early's speech, but carefully eliminated "the nub" of the speech.

The doctors said that McCormick, the pugilist, died of acute pneumonia, but the coroner's jury said that he was killed by Daniels and Brouillette.

WHEN JONAH WAS IN IT.

When Jonah created a stir on the ship, And his comrades concluded they'd finish the trip Without him, and give him, as 't were, a straight tip— Which they did in a very brief minute— And down in the paunch of the whale he was dropped So sudden he cracked all the ribs when he stopped, This speech from his labial portals osteropped: "I'm in it! Exceedingly in it!" But when, with his tenement sorely displeased, He tore and he whooped and he yawped and he sneezed Till he made the cetacean feel so diseased He could no longer bear it and grin it, The fish made a sport for the shore thereabout, And he served on his tenant a writ to get out, And landing his there did triumphantly shout, "Oh, Jonah! old boy! you're not in it!" —Boston Courier.

DAN DUNN DONE FOR.

Schoolcraft County Well Rid of Three Bad Men Harcourt whom Dunn Killed, Dunn Himself, and the Harcourt who Killed Him.

TROUT LAKE, July, 26.—Dan Dunn, who shot Steve Harcourt at Seney, about a month ago, was shot dead here to-day by James Harcourt, a brother of Dunn's victim. Dunn had his examination and was discharged at Manistique yesterday. He immediately swore out a warrant against the three Harcourt brothers for threatening to kill him, and Sheriff Heffron, of Schoolcraft county, arrested them in Seney to-day. He was on his way with them for trial at Manistique and stopped off here to catch the train for that place. The brothers went with the sheriff into the saloon of John Nerins here, where they found Dunn. Dunn was in conversation with Frank Peters, and his back was towards James Harcourt, who immediately pulled a revolver and fired five shots into him, all taking effect and causing death in two minutes after the shooting. Sheriff Heffron arrested the murderer and is on his way to the Soo with his prisoner.

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Full term begins Wednesday, Sept. 16. Examinations for entrance and registration, Tuesday Sept. 15. For further information address the president, REV. C. W. GALLAGHER.

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Having just added largely to our stock of horses and buggies, we are prepared to serve the public as well as any concern in Escanaba.

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HARDWARE STORE!

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E. OLSON & CO.,

Wish to announce that they have opened a Hardware Store at No. 1103 Ludington Street and have a complete line of

LIGHT AND HEAVY HARDWARE

Including Carpenters' Tools of the Latest Makes.

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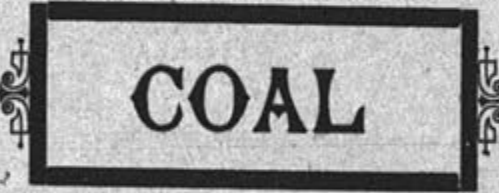
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MEAT MARKET.

Q. R. HESSEL,

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DEALER IN—

Meats of All Kinds!

Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and

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both on the hoof and after slaughter, and

Every Ounce Warranted.

My predecessors have made a good reputation and acquired a large trade and I propose to retain the one and increase the other.

Q. R. HESSEL.

THAT GREAT WHEAT COMBINE.

It is in no wise a "trust", nor is the Alliance Circular a bad document. The circular to farmers has found its way into print and is getting a circulation ten times as great and effective as that given it by the Alliance, though it is said to have mailed a million copies.

"IT IS ALWAYS SO."

Across the meadow, with clover sweet, I wandered one evening with weary feet, For my heart was heavy, with untold woe, For everything seemed to go wrong, you know, 'Twas one of those days, whose cares and strife Quite overshadow the good in life.

A PLUM TREE ROMANCE.

The Love and Labor of a Pair of Goldfinches.

It was just after a great disappointment that I came upon the plum tree romance. A pair of goldfinches, whose pretty pastoral I hoped to watch, had been robbed and driven away from their home in a maple tree. Grieving for their sorrow as well as for my loss, I turned my steps toward the farmhouse, intending to devote part of the day to the baby crows, who were enlivening the pasture with their droll cries and droll actions.

calm, and studied me most sharply, doubtless to see if my intentions were innocent. Of course I looked as amiable and harmless as possible, and in a moment he decided that I was not dangerous, made some quiet remark to his fussy little partner, and flew away.

The goldfinch need not have worried about her mate, for he spent most of his time within a few feet of her, and more absolutely loyal one could not be. His most common perch was a neighboring tree, though in a heavy, beating rain he frequently crouched on the lowest branch of the plum itself.

This bird was an enchanting singer. During courtship, and while his mate was sitting, he often poured out a song that was nothing less than an ecstasy. It was delivered on the wing, and not in his usual wave-like manner of flight, but sailing slowly and around, and very much as a bobolink does, singing rapturously, without pause or break.

The little sifter soon became accustomed to my presence. When out of her nest, she sometimes came to the tree over my head, and answered when I spoke to her. In this way we carried on quite a long conversation, I imitating, so far as I was able, her own charming "sweet," and she replying in various utterances, which, alas! were Greek to me.

I longed to watch the lovely and loving pair through their nesting, to see their rapture over their nestlings, their tender care and training, and the first flight of the goldfinch babies. But the inexorable taskmaster of us all, who proverbially "waits for no man," hurried off these last precious days of July with painful eagerness, and thrust before me the first of August, with the hot and dusty journey set down for that day, long before I was ready for it.

So I did not see the end of their love and labor myself, but the bird's wisdom in the selection of a site for her nursery was proved to be greater than mine, who had ventured to criticize her, by the fact that the nest, as I have been assured, escaped the young eyes of the neighborhood, and turned out its full complement of birdlings to add to next summer's beauty and song—Olive Thorne Miller, in Harper's Bazar.

SNOW INDOORS.

How Artificial Ice Crystals Are Sometimes Produced.

The same causes which produce a fall of snow in the open air—namely, a subjection of a moist atmosphere to a temperature cold enough to crystallize the drops of moisture which are formed—may, of course, take place under artificial conditions.

La Nature, a French journal of science, relates that a gentleman who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had, by violent exercise, brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend.

As he did so, he was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow upon his head. Upon passing his hand over his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow there.

It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the gentleman's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snowstorm, of miniature proportions, was produced upon his head.

A similar incident is related by the same journal. During the past winter, on a very cold, clear night, an evening party was given in a salon in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered together in a single room, and it became so warm in the course of the evening that several ladies complained of feeling ill.

An attempt was then made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their place, and it was impossible to move them.

In this situation, as it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted, a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold current at once rushed in; and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room.

The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere which was saturated with moisture had produced a snowfall indoors.

Modern Cookery. Ignorance of American institutions, on the part of English people, is not unnatural, perhaps, but it is none the less amusing.

A rosy English girl who sat beside a bright young American in the dining-saloon of a Cunard steamer suddenly put American politeness to the test by propounding the inquiry: "Can you make claims?"

"Claims?" answered the bewildered American maiden. "Yes, they're a kind of bread or biscuit, aren't they?" Albany Press.

FOR SALE.

Railroad Lands in Southern Illinois. The Illinois Central Railroad Company is offering lands at so low a price that it seems absurd to tell what they are capable of producing, yet it is a fact that the crops from apple orchards are yielding from \$300 to \$500 per acre. There are many farmers, fruit growers, who are realizing each year from \$150 to \$500 per acre for their fruit and early vegetables, and some who are realizing \$1000 per acre. These of course are successful men of business, who study how to do it.

Most of the lands offered for sale by the Illinois Central Railroad Company can be made to produce the same results. They lie along the line of this railroad at a distance of from 3 to 15 miles, and the country is traversed by many other railroads, thus affording every facility for transportation of early fruits and vegetables to any market that may be selected, fruit express trains being run daily to Chicago, St. Louis, and other points.

Sheep raising is as profitable on the hill lands as in any place in Ohio. Address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, I. C. R. Co. 78-Michigan Av., Chicago.

VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS.

The British Museum has secured the manuscript of several of George Eliot's novels.

In a sale of Wilkie Collins' manuscripts "The New Magdalen" brought £21; "The Woman in White," £14, and "Moonstone," £10.

The late Prince Napoleon left more than five trunks full of important papers. Mr. Frederick Masson is to edit them, and will endeavor to make his work rather a history than a volume of memoirs.

The original agreement for "Barnaby Rudge" between Charles Dickens and Bentley, the publisher, has just been sold in London. From this it appears that Charles Dickens received \$30,000 for the copyright.

Familiar Breed. Passer-by—What kind of a dog is that? Small Boy—I ain't quite sure, but I think he's what's called a watch dog of the treasury.

"Humph! Good dog, eh?" "Yesser. He won't let any other dog take anything he wants hisself."—Good News.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

One Cent a Word.

Notices inserted under this head will be published at one cent per word. No notice less than 15 cents. Parties wanting to sell; parties wanting to buy; families wanting domestic help; domestic wanting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port reaches a large number of people twice each week.

DANCE—At Dupont's Hall, by a Ladies' club, on Saturday evening, August 1. Fruit baskets with a lady's name. Very cheap and lots of fun.

TEAM FOR SALE.—A pair of draft horses. Inquire of Wm. Young, Rapid River, or of B. B. Brown, Escanaba.

NOTICE—Is hereby given that all bills overdue to the undersigned firm must be settled or satisfactorily arranged by the first day of July next or they will be placed in the hands of a lawyer for collection; and no footing, either.

BYWICK, WICKERT & CO. Escanaba, June 13, 1891.

A BUSINESS CHANCE—A good mill—with fine receiving and shipping facilities and situated where it can be worn out before the available timber can be used up, is for sale low, the proprietors being about to change location. For further particulars call on or address this office.

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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

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Office: One Door North of the Postoffice, Escanaba, Michigan.

Great Bargains in City Realty.

We are offering real estate 20 per cent. cheaper than in the past, and have desirable property in all parts of town on easy terms. We also offer some desirable residence property on the

Installment Plan--Easy Monthly Payments.

If taken soon. Buy a home and stop paying rent; Escanaba dirt is continually enhancing in value. See us now.

The Selden S. H. Selden Addition

Still have a few unsold lots. We are the exclusive agents for this property. These are the most available cheap lots.

ARE YOU INSURED?

Have you a store building, dwelling, barn, shop or household goods uninsured? If so, do not delay another moment, but hasten to our office, where 46 leading companies are represented. We pay losses.

Remember, we draw up all kinds of papers, execute deeds and mortgages, do conveyancing, and look after property for non residents. Yours for Business,

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GROCERIES.



Largest, Choicest and most Complete stock of Groceries in the city, consisting of Choice Teas, Coffees, Pure Spices, Burnetts' Flavoring Extracts--full line, Cocoas, Chocolates, and a complete line of Bottled and Canned Goods. Fruits, Vegetables and Provisions. Finest line of Domestic and Key West cigars. Tobaccos, wholesale and Retail. Mail orders given prompt attention.

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One of the most complete lines to be found in Escanaba, including everything necessary for family use. In the line of

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AND Glassware.

We take no Back Seat.

Furnishing Goods.

Of every description for young men middle aged men and old men. In this line we can satisfy you.

For Anything in the Above Line Call on

OSCAR V. LINDEN,

1001 LUDINGTON STREET, LUDINGTON STREET.



1001 LUDINGTON STREET, LUDINGTON STREET.

New Nuggets.

The Steen, Zanic & Mott Company appear at the People's on Friday and Saturday evenings next and the management invites attendance with this offer: "If any one is dissatisfied with the entertainment his money will be refunded."

"Magic" of Zanic and the "thought transmission" of the Steens are masterpieces and those who saw them when here a week ago were both astonished and delighted. Don't miss it again.

The picnic of the North Star Society, Monday Aug 3rd, promises to be the most interesting entertainment of the character this season. Do not fail to attend.

Of Adamant the Scientific American says "It is destined to revolutionize the business of house plastering." For Sale by A. H. Butts.

Removal, Asher will remove to another locality Sept. 1st and will sell goods at cost until that date.

Go to Eden Park next Monday. North Star picnic.

Call at Cleary's and see the new pianos. Adamant, "you put in the water, we do the rest." For particulars see A. H. Butts.

For the best pianos in the world go to P. F. Cleary's. Remember the North Star picnic next Monday.

Asher, the clothier will leave town Sept. 1st, for other fields, and until that date will sell below cost.

Mr. Ed Gardner, the favorite comedian says the coming Zanic is equal to Herrmann.

Don't miss Steen Zanic next Friday and Saturday evening. Nothing ever seen like them in this city.

The ladies of the Swedish Lutheran church will soon have an exhibition. Closing out sale of clothing at Asher's. All goods below cost.

"Faking" Lansing Reporters.

LANSING, Mich., July 24.—Difficulty is at hand over the law creating Dickinson county, which will not become operative until Sept. 30. It provides for the appointment of county officers in August, but the doubt is relative to the governor's power to appoint by treating the offices as vacant, and if so; who is to give the executive official notice that such vacancies exist?

The picking must be poor for Lansing reporters when one must "fake" like that. How could the offices be anything but vacant in a county created by the act and what "official notice" of the fact is needed other than the act, or what other authority than the act is necessary that the governor should proceed under the act to discharge a function imposed upon him by the act? The reporter is as great an ass as the average legislator.

Since the foregoing was written several of our friends who should be better qualified than any mere newspaper man to judge of the value of the act of the legislature referred to, being lawyers (and in one or two cases law makers), have been consulted and they do not see the matter as we did. They say, with one voice, that the act is so faulty that it is of no effect; that they see nothing for Dickinson county but to remain in abeyance until another session of the legislature mends the aliphod work of the last.

Police Court Cases.

Alexander Johnson would not pay his poll tax; that is, he thought he would not and said so; but when Marshal Lyons had him before the court, and the court said he must, with costs added, or work it out in jack-knife castle, he changed his mind and shelled out. James Gallagher and Charles McGillivray had their Sunday off and are now doing "ten days" because they did not save enough "argent to satisfy the city for their breach of its ordinances.

G. A. B. Encampment at Detroit.

Half Rates via C. & N. W. R'y. For the National encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit, Mich., August 3d to 8th, the Chicago & North-Western Railway Co. will sell excursion tickets to Detroit and return at one half regular rates—one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July the 31st to August 2d, inclusive. Apply to agents C. & N. W. R'y for tickets and further information.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to return thanks to every friend and neighbor and especially to Mr. and Mrs. George Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Van Valkenburg, for tender sympathy and active kindness during our late sad affliction Mr. & Mrs. B. Leighton. MR. AND MRS. B. LEIGHTON. FRED H. TUPPER, of Chippewa Falls Escanaba July 25, 1891.

OUT OF THE SWIM.

His clothes hang on him in many a shred— He is out of the swim; He walks life's highway with salient tread— He is out of the swim.

THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

Reflections of Weedon Bradshaw While on a Night Train.

It was the last of January and a Saturday night. A keen north wind was blowing down Broadway, filling the air with occasional flurries of snow, and night had long since come, though it was only six o'clock.

J. Weedon Bradshaw, attorney and counselor-at-law, stood on the steps of the building in which he had his office and buttoned his overcoat as he looked up and down the now deserted street.

For some thirty years he had done the same thing at the same hour every day, when he was not out of town on business—he never went away for pleasure. He was going out of town now, as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. Large and important business interests of a client called him to the northern part of the state, and it never occurred to him to delay twenty-four hours for what he considered a mere question of sentiment.

Sundays were pretty much the same to him personally as any other day, except that they interrupted business.

True he had been wonderfully successful in life, but he would have told you it was entirely owing to his own efforts, and not through any intervention of Providence.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening he walked into a passenger car of the northward bound express in as great a state of irritation as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. He had neglected to engage a berth in the sleeper, and now found that he must make the best of a night in a chair. He settled himself with the expertness and deliberation born of age and experience. Then he took from his pocket documents bearing on the coming case and proceeded to read them.

Presently he found his mind wandering, a thing it had not done for years, and, putting up the papers, he turned to look out of the window. In spite of shading the glass with his hands nothing was to be seen, but an occasional light flashed into view and out again in an instant.

He drew back and sat idly looking before him till suddenly he became conscious that there was something, after all, to be seen in the window—his own reflection. He looked at himself with growing interest; it was the first time in many years he had had such protracted opportunity for study of the subject.

He felt as if the face opposite him belonged to some familiar stranger, met every day but never known. A man well advanced in life, nearing sixty, perhaps, looked back at him. Hair gray, getting a little thin now; aquiline nose; clear, shrewd-looking eyes, of no particular color, with innumerable fine wrinkles about the corners, as if from constant contraction to enable them the better to see through other men. The lips had narrowed almost to a line from long compression, and made the entire face look hard.

He had fought the world single-handed—the hard, selfish, crushing business world of a great city, and it had marked him as its own. He had wrung from it wealth, position, recognition of his ability by other men; but he had given in return youth, love, pleasure, all aspirations after better things. All those longings and hopes which prove the existence in us of some sparks of a higher nature. His very life he had given to become that most perfect mechanical production of the nineteenth century—entirely a business man.

The train slowed up at a station and a young couple got in. She was so bright and pretty and confident, he so unceasingly attentive and protecting, the other passengers watched them with interest. The men smiled and the women sighed. They sat in front of Weedon Bradshaw, and something in the girl's face quickened his memory and sent his thoughts rushing back into the past.

He turned again to his window, but the past was with him and the face that looked back was no longer old and hard.

It was a boy's face, handsome, brave and honest, with faith in those clear eyes, and a promise of noble deeds. Other faces were there, too. A laughing, winsome pair of eyes peered at him for a moment, and then a gentle, sweet, old face smiled sadly at "her boy." He remembered her dreams for him; he realized for the first time how far he had fallen from her ideals.

Now he fully understood what she had once said to him: "Experience is sorrow. Only life happy as we live it for others."

The face was a man's now; handsome still, but an eager look had come into the eyes, and the mouth was more firmly set. He was starting out into the world anxious for knowledge of it; determined to fight and conquer. Clearly the night he left home came back to him. She of the laughing eyes was with him, but they laughed no longer. Tears were beaming over and the little lips were tremulous for words.

He held her hand and a mighty struggle went on within him. He knew what the tears meant and he longed to take her in his arms, but pride and caution withheld.

"Wait! You have the world before you."

And so he spoke no word, but left her.

He had never really meant to give her up. He intended in the near future to go back for her; but, first, he was too poor to take the time, and afterward the business world claimed him as its slave—its slave when most he felt himself its master.

So the days passed by and he never went back.

Then he heard that another had won her, and for a moment J. Weedon Bradshaw admitted to himself that he had possibly made a mistake in life after all.

In course of time he married his partner's daughter. He paid her bills, treated her with respectful consideration, and when she died regretted the unfortunate circumstance. But her face had no place on the window. The youth of the past was crying to the man of to-day for reparation—and would not be silenced.

"Why did you treat me so?" he cried. "Why did you stifle my love, teaching me this terrible, absolute indifference to everything good or bad? Why did you train me to think that money and what money could buy was the best in life and nothing else mattered? What have you given me in return for youth, love and liberty?"

And Weedon Bradshaw bowed his head in silence. Dead sea fruit.

Clearly he saw now, as in the light of noonday, the life he had missed. The life of love and higher aspiration, the abnegation of self that leads to the "larger heart the kinder hand."

All this he saw, and groaned in spirit.

On through the night rushed the express; but side by side with it kept the phantom train filled with the ghosts of Weedon Bradshaw's past.

The young bride had gone to sleep with her head on her husband's shoulder and the other passengers were in various stages of unconsciousness.

Suddenly a violent, shuddering jerk throughout the train—a mighty crash and heaving, and then silence more terrible.

Silence for a moment's space only, however; then cries, questions, exclamations—a wild confusion of tongues.

The engine had jumped the track on a down grade and half dragged the baggage car with it; but the passenger coaches were only badly shaken. It would have been a terrible disaster but for the quickness and nerve of the engineer—he stopped the train in its own length, but his life was the price.

The crowd grew silent as they stood about the wreck and that motionless object now stretched upon the roadside.

They peered into each other's pale faces, scarcely visible by the flickering light of a few lanterns carried in nervous hands.

Thank God! they were all safe—but one man had given up his life for them. "He did his duty nobly," they said, and then began to think how they could continue their journey.

It was not that they were unfeeling—only "practical;" there was nothing to be done and they were in a hurry.

Only Bradshaw remained standing by the body—he felt shaken, unnerved, strangely old. Those silent lips seemed bidding him stay. A voice was speaking to him through them unheeded by other ears: "Even as I am wilt thou be."—Charlotte Rogers, in Leslie's Newspaper.

WHISTLING FOR WIND.

The Supposed Origin of an Old Superstition of the Sea.

There is nothing so tedious, so aggravating to the sailor as a dead calm. Drift, drift, drift, day after day, the great burning sun overhead reflected by the waters until the eye becomes wearied with the eternal brightness. The sailor goes about his work listlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. He paces the poop with a quiet, nervous tread, "whistling for a wind."

He is scanning the horizon north, south, east and west, carefully noting every little patch of clouds and whistling with all of his soul for a wind. This is one of the old, old superstitions of the sailor, one of the beliefs which has been traced hither and thither, but never to the propitiation of the gods. It probably had its origin in the impatience of the mariner, who, while his vessel lay drifting idly in the "Zone of Calms," remembered with regret the hoarse moaning, shrieking and whistling of the winds in the more-favored spots on the deep and involuntarily tried to imitate it. And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the whistling, for it must be remembered that the becalmed sailor does not whistle "Annie Laurie" or any of the popular songs of the day. The lone-some thrill of his monotonous "whistle" is a series of polyglot sounds that would set a magpie wild with envy. He does not aim at a rhythm, but ejects his puffs of air in long and short notes, now high, now low, like the sounds produced by the wind blowing through the ropes of the rigging.—St. Louis Republic.

Planting by Lamplight.

In the vineyards of Fresno county, Cal., hundreds of men may be seen planting grapevines at night by lantern light. The vineyard lands seem to be infested with a multitude of huge fireflies, which are darting and moving in every direction. It is claimed that the setting of the stakes can be done much more easily and accurately by the aid of lanterns than in broad daylight, that more work is accomplished by the men in the same number of hours, and that a large amount of time is saved. One set of men work from nine o'clock in the evening until six o'clock in the morning, when they are relieved by another relay.

Successful.

Sanso—Where were you last night? Rodd—Out pursuing happiness. Sanso—And did you catch it? Rodd—Let your life! I caught it like thunder when I got home.—Munsey's Weekly.

THE VALUE OF HAND WORK.

Close Alliance of Mental and Manual Workers.

One token of advancing intelligence in civilized nations, and especially in our own, is the increasing respect paid to hand-work. The foolish contempt in which it was once held has, to a great extent, passed away, and the skilled workman now receives a degree of honor and consideration that would formerly have been absurd. Even now, however, the division is strongly marked between the hand worker and the brain worker and, while both are respected the latter is usually supposed to occupy a higher level than the former. His efforts, it is assumed, are directed to the higher life of man, while those of the former are centered chiefly in supplying his material wants. Thus they are not expected to make many invasions on each other's territory, and the excessive division of labor intensifies the distinction. The separation, however, is perilous to the interests of both. Mr. Ruskin says: "We want one man to always be thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative, whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. * * *

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity." One half of this truth is becoming very generally realized, hence the spread of praiseworthy efforts to educate the whole people. That hand-workers should have their knowledge increased, their thoughts aroused, their minds developed, is now admitted by all intelligent persons, and the facilities for this are constantly multiplying. But it is not yet so manifest that those whose ordinary occupations tax their brains rather than their muscles require the opposite kind of development. Yet they do need it, even for the best success in their special employment. Dr. Brown Sequard, an authority on the brain, is said to have affirmed that "the left side of the brain, which co-operates with the right hand is more fully developed than the right side of the brain, which corresponds with the left hand."

Evidently this is due to the greater exercise which is given to the right hand, and if it shows anything it is that the use of the hand produces a direct effect upon the development of the brain. This is not strange when we remember that manual dexterity in any province requires the exercise of many faculties. The observant eye, the enforced attention, the act of comparing and weighing and deciding, the habit of perseverance, the unwearied repetition in order to attain excellence, are all efforts of the brain, and yet no good hand-work can be accomplished without them. The fact is that manual work, and what we call mental work, are far more closely allied in their operations, and more inter-dependent, than we are accustomed to consider them; and we none of us know how much thought itself, and all mental work, are improved and strengthened by the very efforts which are put forth in the interests of manual employments. Not only the brain, however, but the moral sense, the heart and life itself are all purified and strengthened by the conscientious performance of hand work. It is said that a large proportion of the inmates of our prisons are ignorant of any handicraft, and doubtless this ignorance has a share in leading them to the commission of the crimes for which they are confined. Industry drives away a multitude of evil suggestions that find an easy lodgment where there are idle hands. Doubtless the knowledge of a trade, bringing with it self-respecting habits, has saved many a youth from temptation and influences which would have been his ruin. Apart from this, however, the happiness, the contentment, the independence that results from some knowledge of hand-work are invaluable to every one. If it be the daily occupation, intelligently pursued and well performed, it is a foundation on which the promotion of the worker is only limited by his industry and talents. Many of the most eminent and useful men have begun their lives in this way, and all their prosperity and value can be traced back to the thorough knowledge and skillful pursuit of some branch of manual work.

If, however, the life-work lies in quite a different direction, the possession of some manual ability will still be of incalculable value. Dett and skillful fingers are a blessing to any man or to any woman.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Orange Marmalade.

Select a dozen large, heavy, yellow-skinned oranges (they should be juicy, but need not be sweet), cut each orange in half across the cores, and with a pointed silver teaspoon scrape out all the pulp and juice, being careful to allow no inside skin or fiber to go in. Leave the pulp, when prepared, in an earthen dish. Then pick out four or five of the best looking of the orange skins, take off all the white you can and pour boiling water over them. Let them boil in a close sauce-pan, changing the water four or five times; then throw into cold water for a moment and again remove any of the white inner skin that remains. Then cut in shreds all the yellow skin, adding to it the pulp. Add an equal quantity of best white sugar (by measure as much sugar as pulp and skins) and boil from a quarter to half an hour. If the oranges are sweet one or two lemons should be added to give the least bit of acidity to the marmalade. Put up in small glasses, cover with brandy-paper and then paste on another cover of any thin paper. The marmalade is ready for use immediately, although it will keep a long time.—Detroit Free Press.

The Breed.

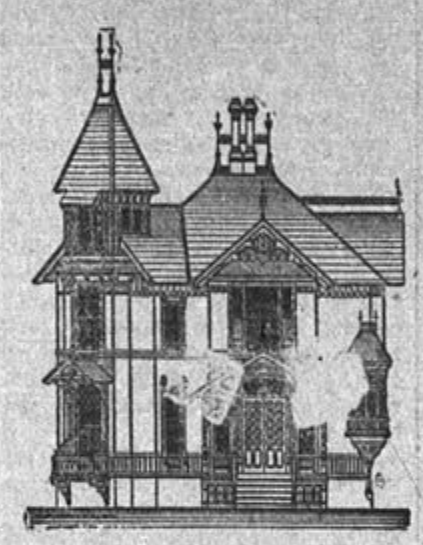
She—What kind of a dog is that, Jack? He—Pointer. She—Don't you think he's rather small for a hunting dog? He—Yes; he's a little one for a scent! —Jury.

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FIRST AND LAST.

Why One Night in a Gambling House Cured the Doctor.

This is the story the doctor told me: "When I left college after winning all the honors there I was sent to Paris to finish my medical education under the care of a famous French surgeon living and practicing in that gay city."

the gamblers' gold and being dragged with their wife, like myself. "Judging from the movements the crew was making, I calculated a half hour must intervene ere my murderer would pay me a visit—providing I didn't bring an attack sooner by alarming them."

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Mr. Martin, of Winstead, Conn., did a very remarkable thing the other day. While tapping maple trees he came to a telegraph pole which stands in a line with some of the trees. He thoughtlessly bored it and hung his sap-pail on the tree and started for the next tree.

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A HORSE RACE.

An Exciting Scene on a Missouri Fair Ground.

They were horse men. Almost every one of them had some piece of jewelry in the shape of a horse running or trotting that he wore as a watch-chain or scarf-pin. As one drew nearer remarks could be heard about the speed of such and such a horse, pedigrees were discussed and fine points argued.

Some especially fine event upon the race-track would call forth exclamations of admiration, and chairs were drawn closer together as exciting contests of speed were being related. One of the party who had taken a deep interest in a graphic description of a memorable turf even, at the conclusion of it remarked:

"That's the stuff. You fellows that sit in the grand-stand and watch a race think it is exciting, don't you? Well, it is. I speak from experience. O, yes; I rode when I was a kid. That was in '66, and we didn't always have a nice mile-track to ride on. We usually just guessed the distance if it was a long race, and paced it off if it was a short one. No bookmakers then, and there were seldom more than two starters. The stakes were even up.

"We would run anything from a hundred-yard pony race to a two-mile stretch, and even farther if necessary. That was after the war was supposed to be over, but bless you it was going on in that country some time afterwards. We had a string of eight head of horses to run with, and they were beaters every time. We were doing southern Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Although they were not thickly settled, no railroads there, and very limited telegraph service, there were enough dead game sports to make it interesting, and if a fellow had a horse that he thought was a winner and he was just itching to try his speed for anything almost - pistols, saddles, horse for horse, or money - all he had to do was to get out on the prairie and declare himself and somebody - sometimes a white man and sometimes an Indian - would either trot out of the hazel brush or spring up from the prairie grass and accept the challenge. It was surprising where they all came from. They would run for anything - even wager part of their clothing.

"Well, as I said before, we had eight horses and they were thoroughbred Kentucky racers at that. You see my old man kind of hankered to mingle in the slight unpleasantness that was just over. He was not my own father - adopted me when I was a four-year-old.

"At the close of the trouble down south he bought horses and started down into Missouri. You see he just wanted excitement. He took me with him and I want to say we got what we were looking for. We fitted up at St. Louis, got a big wagon and camp outfit and the party consisted of the old man, three St. Louis gamblers, two negroes, four draft horses, eight racers, me and a bulldog. I was nearly twelve years old at that time. We started overland, for the railroad only ran as far as Sedalia then. We headed for Springfield. A few incidents in the way of short races for small stakes occurred on the way, hardly worth mentioning, though. I was doing the riding. We arrived in Springfield after a journey of ten or twelve days and there we did strike a pudding.

"At that time there was a garrison of union soldiers near there. Everybody seemed to be able to rake up a little money to bet on a horse race. We quartered the horses, negroes and bulldog in a livery stable on the public square and ensconced ourselves very comfortably at the Lyon house, then the leading hotel of the town. Then the old man made a few remarks publicly that were calculated to lead the citizens to infer that he believed he had some horses that could outrun anything in those parts and he emphasized his remarks by exhibiting some long green that was branded with the fiat of the United States of America. Now just at that time there happened to be a horse down there called Honest Bob. He had succeeded in beating everything that had started against him and his owner considered him invincible. His opinion was backed by dollars usually and his neighbors were perfectly willing to furnish any amount that he needed to make up a purse as large as anyone might desire to run for. Bob's distance was a mile. This being the situation you can readily believe that the governor did not have to flout his greenbacks very long before finding a taker. The race was made, the terms agreed upon and money put up. The distance to be run was two miles.

"These conditions were insisted upon by the old man because he knew Bob was very fast for a mile. The animal we put up against him was a four-year-old mare. She was awful speedy for any distance, but two miles was her specialty, and she was a world-beater, I firmly believe. We had two weeks to train in. Everybody was interested, and men, women and even children were talking about the coming event. The backers of Honest Bob gathered in knots about the public square and whispered to each other that it was almost like a confidence game to take bets against him. The terms of the race demanded that it should be run on a certain day, rain or shine, no postponement, or money should be forfeited by the owner of the horse failing to start at the crack of the pistol. The time approached and three days before the race, right when the excitement was running high, the governor seemed to suffer a violent spasm of despondency. He confidentially remarked in a deep hoarse whisper that he was afraid his mare had gone lame. This remark was apparently intended to be heard only by the person it was addressed to, but it seemed to reach further and tickled the ear drum of several attentive listeners. Then it echoed on and on until almost everyone in the country heard it.

"It was quite a revelation to me as I had given her a two mile gallop that morning and was laboring under the

impression that she had done the last quarter in a shade better time than ever before. I began to get just a trifle apprehensive that I had crowded her a little bit too hard and caused the lameness. Then I recalled the soulful chuckle from George Washington, her darky groom, when he rubbed her down and gave her her feed. 'Dey ain't no horse dat kin beat yo, honey, 'ness dey got wings,' he had murmured as he stroked her clean legs. I felt that there must be a false impression out some way and I was about to express myself to that effect when I got a wink from the governor that I understood meant that I should emulate the example of the clam, shut up and think. I went over to the stable to see the invalid. There she was her legs all wrapped up in dannel bandages, and a strong odor of liniment permeated the atmosphere; she must be lame. Several sympathetic natives called and offered their condolences. They said it was really too bad that we had come so far to have to walk back, it would be so much further.

"I was questioned by many as to the extent of her injury. I admitted in my innocent, childish way that she must be lame. The governor had an interview with Mr. Orr, Bob's owner, and intimated that he would like to have a show for his white alley. That gentleman said he knew he had a 'clich' from the start, and he would stick to terms of the race as laid down by the governor. Soon after the conference the boss began to hedge, or try to. Odds were offered by Bob's backers, and it seemed as if their money would go begging, until the day of the race, when money was taken at odds on the mare until quite a pot of it was up. In the excitement nobody seemed to notice that takers were coming rather anxious to get all the bets that could be procured at any odds offered. The time drew near for the race, and the town was evacuated. Everybody went out to the fair grounds to see it. There was no regulation costume for that day. There was the soldier in blue, farmer in jeans, and the citizen in broadcloth.

"The track was a half mile and in tolerably good condition. There was no grand stand and the crowd jostled and stood as near the track as possible. The first horse to come on the track was Bob. Of course he received an ovation. Then the mare followed. The dannel bandages were still on her legs and bound so tight that she stepped almost stiff legged. Bob's rider, a boy about my own age, was up and eager for the start. Well, they took the blanket off of the mare. She stood with her head well up, eyes bright, coat sleek, and ears forward.

"Put the saddle on her," said the governor, and then, taking me by the arm and stepping aside, he whispered: 'My son, there is a heap of money on this race; force the mare from start to finish; make him run that first mile as fast as he can.' These were my instructions.

"Get ready," said the starter. "Take the bandages off," said the governor. Then I mounted her and the horses were headed in the opposite direction to which they were going to run, as was the custom in that country at that time.

"Ready." We leaned forward and took a good hold on the reins, clinched our teeth, and waited. "Bang, and off we went after wheeling our horses about. Bob got the advantage on the start by three good lengths. I steadied my mare and then began giving her the whip from the go, and soon drew up alongside of the horse. I forced him; made him strain every muscle. He did run nobly for three-quarters of a mile, but I could see he was weakening just a trifle as we came down the headstretch on the second turn. I drew to his nose and he was pumping hard for all the wind he could get. The mare seemed to be getting better. As we passed the crowd I began to draw away, and how they did yell with chagrin. I was only a kid and didn't have sense enough to get scared, but I realized that that crowd was mad by a large majority and might make trouble for me, as I had to pass them twice more before I could win their money. I could hear Bob blowing behind me and I made the pace a little hotter. When we got just past the quarter on the second mile he quit. His head went down and his tail went up and he was beat. As I came past the crowd the third time I knew they were red-hot, and something was liable to happen at any minute. I gave the mare her full head and then the whip and spur. As we rounded the turn for the finish that human mass began to writhe and surge on to the track. It seemed to be their intention to block me and make my horse fly the track. She headed right for them as if she was blind. The air seemed to be full of bats, arms, umbrellas and strong language. There was just a little opening left, just about wide enough to squeeze through. As the brave little mare dashed through that enraged throng hands clutched at her bridle and my legs, but they never touched us. I saw the governor waving his hand and beckoning me to run through the gate and I did. We galloped two miles and a half into town and then two miles farther until we got to a rendezvous in the brush, where the governor had sent our stock for safety. The mare had run six miles and a half, and did not seem to be any the worse for it either.

"After we got everything safe we went back to town and collected our bets. William Hilscock protected us. He got the right tip before the race, you see. Wild Bill, as he was more familiarly called, made Springfield his headquarters about that time. We left that night. I don't know what their circulating medium was after we left, for we got almost all the money in sight." - Chicago Tribune.

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